HIS DIVINITY.

I sit within the cushioned pew,
But must confess my thoughts pursue
A rather worldly course, in lieu
Of penitential fire.
Yet none within the edifice
In worshiping are less remiss—
My thoughts are tinged with heavenly bliss,
For Nellie's in the choir.

A witching figure, straight and trim,
She stands and carols forth the hymn,
She blushes 'neath her broad hat brim,
To see how I admire.
I watch her lovely, pulsing throat,
Her dimples and her curls I note—
Celestial music seems to float,
For Nellie's in the choir.

In through the chancel window slips
A rosy sunbeam, and it sips
The sweetness of her laughing lips,
And never seems to tire.
And while the pastor does expound,
And fail to slumber sound,
'Tis love that makes my world go round,
For Nellie's in the choir.
—Detroit Free Press.

THE ART OF ACTING.

"Hullo, Monty! Alone in your glory, eh?" exclaimed Frank Kortright, as he strolled into the Betterton club at about 6:30 one afternoon. "Where is everybody?"

"I can't tell you," replied Monty. "They weren't in the city, that's all I know. The house was half empty, and the mining market as flat as dishwater. I don't believe I've made a pony this month."

"I never knew London so empty. Not half a dozen theaters open; which is rough on the dramatic critic, who has to write about the drama or starve. Charles, give me some consomme and some grilled salmon, and—Will these lamb cutlets take long? Very well, then; I'll have some cutlets and an imperial pint of 114, as quickly as you can, please."

"Going anywhere?" asked Monty.

"Yes: to a theater you probably never heard of—the Elephant and Castle, in the New Kent road. By the way, would you care to come, too—I have two stalls?" inquired the critic. "It might amuse you, if you've never been to that sort of a theater before. They're playing an old-fashioned melodrama called 'Madrina, the Marionette-Maker's Daughter,' in five acts and twelve tableaux."

"Does it matter about my not being dressed?"

"Dear, no. Nobody dresses there. I'm only dressed because I'm going there officially."

"Then I shall be delighted. Charles, is my coffee ready?"

In half an hour's time Monty Braham and Frank Kortright were in a hansom on the way to the New Kent road.

"It's the devil of a way," remarked Monty after a time.

"If you really want to see fine acting," said Frank, "you'll have to travel a good deal further than the New Kent road. I shall never forget the impression that a certain company made upon me—never. It was at the Poushkine theater, at Krasnoyarsk. The most marvelous acting you ever saw. Talk about Irving, Salvini or Barnay."

"What, the South African chap?"

"No, no; I'm speaking of the German tragedian. Why, their man Ostolopoff could wipe the stage with any of them. And that sweet woman, Archangleski, as beautiful as Julia Neilson, as graceful as Ellen Terry, with all the originality and repose of La Duse, combined with the force of Sarah Bernhardt. Barely 19 years of age—I knew her personally—a most interesting girl. The low comedian, too; Little Pik! So full of humor and resource. Never at a loss—a mixture of Arthur Roberts and Noblet. He was a very distinguished politician at one time at St. Petersburg—in the Russian ministry, in fact; but he took to conspiring and they packed him off to Siberia. I met him in private. Half his head was shaved, he twice tried to escape." And so on.

And by the time Frank Kortright had finished his description of this ideal company of comedians he and his friend had reached the Elephant and Castle. They were only about half an hour late. Madrina, the marionette-maker's daughter, was in bridal attire, about to be married to Hans, her father's young foreman. But the villain had entered, accompanied by a very shabby attorney, and had informed the assembled peasantry that her father had just been foully murdered. And on this assurance the police were reluctantly compelled to arrest the bridegroom-elect on the capital charge, as, although he had not been near the house of the deceased, the knife which did the deed had been found in Hans' room. An old half-witted villager called Beppo was exercising confidence in Hans and grave doubts of the villain's bonafides, which evoked loud applause from the audience. And if anyone should ask why this was going on, the answer is, because it was a melodrama.

"Who's the chap playing Beppo?" asked Braham, presently.

"That? Oh, that's poor old Fitz-Gibbon—Arthur Fitz-Gibbon—one of the real old school. He used to be on the western circuit, as they call it. He's played all the round of legitimate parts—Hamlet, Othello, Claud, Belphegor—everything, in fact. Isn't it almost incredible to think that our fathers and grandfathers actually admired that style of acting? Listen to his ranting and declaiming," said Frank.

"You can hear every word he says, though, can't you?" suggested his matter-of-fact friend.

"Hear it? Yes, I dare say! In the next street, I expect! But that's not the way people talk in every-day life, surely. And his gestures! Why, in goodness' name, is he throwing his hands above his head?"

"I suppose it is because he is appealing to heaven," said Monty.

"Yes, but surely you can appeal to heaven without that! If only actors understood the value of repose—of repression!" sighed the critic, making a black mark on his program against poor Fitz-Gibbon.

"Now, what does an old chap like that get paid?" asked Monty, presently.

"Fitz-Gibbon? Oh, I don't know. I should think he'd consider himself in a seventh heaven if anyone were to offer him £4 a week."

"But he'd get more than that in the west end, wouldn't he?"

"My dear Braham, we shouldn't stand that style of acting in the west end! We've changed all that, thank goodness. We've exterminated the barnstormer and godfathered a new school. And yet there are some people who say, 'What's the good of critics?'"

"An actor who can please a west end audience can make his £20 or £30 a week, I suppose?"

"Oh, at least. A good deal more, if he has a theater of his own."

"Upon my soul that sounds very fine! I've a deuced good mind to take a theater myself."

"My dear fellow, a first-rate idea, provided you have the fur sacre!"

What Mr. Kortright meant by this I do not know, but that is what he said.

About two months later London was ringing with the triumphs of Montague Braham, the new actor. It was impossible to secure a seat at the Elite Theater without booking at least a month in advance. There were no two opinions about the genius of this "latest addition to the band of manager-actors," as he was called. He had come, he had aspired, he had conquered. The play was called "Dunstan's Deception." It was a strong, modern drama, with a touch of the supernatural in it. It is needless to give the plot of it, but this is Frank Kortright's opinion of Braham's performance, as set forth in Monday's Ephemeris:

"A first night in the Elite.—'What a revelation!' cried a young lady who was waiting for her carriage in the vestibule of the Elite at 11:45 Saturday night. And 'What a revelation!' was the exclamation from everyone's mouth. 'Who is this Mr. Braham?' asked several. The answer is easy—indisputable. Mr. Braham is one of the most remarkable young actors of the century. From the moment that Dunstan enters the stage as the trusted old solicitor—soberly dressed, unobtrusive in manner, his keen, dark eyes peering from under the bushy, dark eyebrows, ever on the alert, taking in everything, the closely cropped gray whiskers and scanty, well tended hair (a marvel of 'make-up,' by the way), suggesting nothing but commonplace respectability—to the moment in the last act when, trembling and white with fear, he bursts into the cottage of the family he has ruined and craves pardon of Agnes, whose lover he has consigned to a madhouse—until the climax, when he finally expires on the hearth-rug, himself a gibbering lunatic—the great audience were in the hands of the great actor as a pliant rod in the grasp of a skillful angler. Mr. Braham can sway them as he pleases. There is no trickery here, no slavish following of the old, no masterful striving after the new. It is greater than art, because it is nature; it is greater than nature, because it is art. Mr. Braham is like a young surgeon who does not discard the scalpel because he has mastered electrolysis. He can hunt with the old-fashioned leech and run the new-fangled microbe. We know not in what physiological dissecting-room Mr. Braham has acquired his knowledge of the anatomy of human nature. But he knows it to a vesicle. In fine, we were all too hypnotized by the antiseptic spray of his exuberance to be able to analyze it precisely. We woke up from the trance like the 'little old woman upon the king's highway,' only to exclaim with the young lady in the vestibule, 'What a revelation!'"

From that day forward everything went well with Monty. His looking-glass was crowded with cards of invitation from all the highest in the land. He became president of the Stoke Newington Philothespians and patron of the Braham Rovers (Battersea). He gave a lecture to the Playgoers' Club, called: "How Much Should Be Told," and he laid the foundation of a new opera house at Newton (Isle of Wight). Photographers and interviewers would camp on his doorstep in order to get a glimpse of him as he left the house. His photographs filled every shop window and decorated every boudoir. They appeared also on soap advertisements, on cigarette-boxes and from automatic machines (when these were in working order). When there was room in the daily papers one might occasionally find tidings of war, of politics and of scientific advance. But the journals were mostly filled with news of Monty—his habits and ideas. One learned that he liked best to study his parts "in the still of the night, when this great London of ours is fast asleep;" that his favorite drink was "tea in Russian fashion, with a slice of lemon—or else plain soda water." That he "used to sketch and play the piano and that sort of thing;" but that now he had no time for such things. That he "still loved to scamper over the hayfields after the hounds," that he was "passionately fond of animals," and that he first discovered his wonderful talent when playing with a favorite wolfhound. "'Poor old Conrad! That paper knife was made out of one of his pads. I was playing with him one afternoon and happened for a joke to pretend to be dead. Conrad set up such a dismal howl that I knew I was an actor!"

Monty was also elected eagerly to many clubs; but he frequented chiefly his old friend the Betterton, and it was while he was dining one afternoon that an acquaintance suddenly exclaimed to him:

"By the way, Braham, did you know this old chap, Fitz-Gibbon?"

"The old actor?" replied Monty, looking leisurely up from the salad he was mixing. "Oh, yes; I remember him. What's happened to him?"

"Well, he's dead; that's all," said the other. "There's a short notice of him in this evening's paper. Respectable representative of a bygone school. A favorite with our more easily pleased forbears, and all that sort of thing. He seems to have died very suddenly this morning."

"Charles," said Monty to the waiter, "get me my bill and a Bradshaw."

A few weeks later Frank Kortright received the following explanation of the sudden closing of the Elite Theater, which had so surprised theater goers:

"Grand Hotel, Buenos Ayres—My Dear Frank: It occurred to me you might be amused to hear from me why I closed my theater and left town so suddenly. You may remember the night we went to the Elephant and Castle, where we saw poor old Fitz-Gibbon in some old-fashioned melodrama. Well, I went home that night and went through a lot of calculations, and I came to the conclusion that the regular daily twenty-four hours' work of a modern successful actor was really too much for any one man to undertake; so I arranged to divide it with two. Old Fitz was enchanted to do the acting (which wasn't in my line, and which he did extremely well), at a salary of £10 a week. And I consider myself very well paid for all the interviewing and so on. I had a room fixed up for old Fitz-Gibbon next to mine. And I affected a 'mannerism' of always rehearsing in my dress and make-up—which made a great impression and simplified the 'double' arrangement. I never allowed any one to come into my dressing-room. The period during the performance was about the only three hours that I had in the day for sleep. I am now going to rest for a year or two; then—I don't know yet what I shall do. I haven't decided. I may take up medicine. Yours respectfully,

"MONTY BRAHAM."

—St. James' Gazette.

NOTHING NEED BE WASTED.

Uses to Which Broken Glass and Old Bones May Be Put.

When a tumbler or other glass vessel is broken do you think its usefulness is gone? It is not, by any means. It is tossed into the ash barrel, indeed, but it is pretty sure to reappear in another form on the table. In making glass it is usual to melt the materials together with a quarter or half their weight of "cullet"—that is, broken glass of the same kind. This uses up great quantities of broken glass which the rag-pickers carefully sort out from the barrels and dumps. Some of the coarsest glass is melted and colored in the paste. When it is cold it is broken into irregular pieces and sold for cheap mosaics in the decorations of shops, while broken bottles are ground up to make sand or glass paper.

Bones have a long career of usefulness after they are discarded from the kitchen. Ground to dust they make valuable fertilizers, while, at some English dyeing establishments, bones are boiled to get the gelatine, or size, for stiffening goods. Sometimes bones are boiled and bleached and then sent to the turners to be made into knife handles, toothbrushes, nailbrushes and buttons, while ground up and mixed with other things they are used as bonemeal to feed cattle. Where does the ivory-black of the artist come from? From burning old bones in closed retorts, and the same substance is used in making blacking. Bone charcoal is used in refining sugar because it is so absorbent that it will remove all trace of indigo from sugar colored with it. This charcoal can be used over and over again by washing and heating, and when finally worn out for refining purposes it is used in making phosphorus.

Old tins are cut into strips, punched, blackened and varnished, and used to strengthen cheap trunks and boxes, while old iron is remelted and appears in fresh, new form. It is said England ships as ballast much of her worn-out gridirons, boilers, shovels and the like to us to be melted over. Even such small things as corks are collected and recut, while those that are too rough for cork making are used for floats for fishermen and for stuffing horse collars.—New York Times.

Empress Josephine's Appearance.

She had thin brown hair, a complexion neither fresh nor faded, expressive eyes, a small retrousse nose, a pretty mouth, and a voice that charmed all listeners. She was rather undersized, but her figure was so perfectly proportioned as to give the impression of height and suppleness. Its charms were scarcely concealed by the clothing she wore, made as it was in the suggestive fashion of the day, with no support to the form but a belt, and as scanty about her shoulders as it was about her shapely feet. It seems to have been her elegance and her manners as well as her sensuality which overpowered Bonaparte, for he described her as having "the calm and dignified demeanor which belongs to the old regime."

Long Words.

The longest word in the dictionary is palatopharingeolaryngeal. The next longest is transubstantiationalist.

Blobbs—"Has Scribbler's new play much local coloring and atmosphere?" Slobbs—"Lots of it; but judging from the opening night, the coloring is very blue and the atmosphere decidedly frosty."—Philadelphia Record.

A man who has owned a piano a good many years is amused at the man who is interested in buying one.

If we were a woman, we would not consent to wear bloomers unless we were fixed for it below the waist.

A MAN OF COURAGE.

Desperate Encounter with Brigands in Mexico.

"Speaking of acts of courageous self-sacrifice for the public good," remarked a gentleman who had lived several years in Mexico, "I knew a man in Mexico who could give pointers to some of those old Romans we read about," says the Washington Star. "At the time of my acquaintance with him he was 75 years old and was living with his second wife, by whom he had three or four children. When he was 30 years of age he lived on a ranch with his wife and child, a boy of 10, and their home was in a neighborhood infested with brigands, or what passed for brigands, who made frequent incursions into the valleys from their mountain resorts, robbing and cattle killing and murdering, pretty much as it pleased them, to which was added the further diversion of picking up travelers and others who were worth money and holding them for ransom.

"So notorious had their depredations become and so helpless were the authorities in the matter that the entire section bade fair to become a howling waste, for travelers stopped coming and the inhabitants were getting out as fast as they could. Up to this time Garcia, for that was my old friend's name, had been in better luck than most of his neighbors, due largely to the fact that he was a brave man, and had in his employ on his ranch men who were as quick to fight as any brigand in the mountains. One day, however, the blow struck Garcia, and when he came home in the evening he found his wife crazy with grief and the boy carried off.

"He knew it was for ransom and waited until the robbers should come to the surface for their booty, believing that the boy would be well cared for as long as there was hope of getting money for him. In a day or two Garcia received a note to the effect that the boy was safe in the hands of Capt. Manuel, the leader of the gang and the very soul and spirit of it, and that for the sum of $5,000 paid to him, Manuel, the boy would be restored. The reply to the note was to be left in a certain place a dozen miles to the north of Garcia's ranch, and from there Manuel would get it. Garcia made up his mind at once what to do, and he sent word to Manuel that the money would be paid and asked further instructions.

"He was duly notified that he was to come alone to a distant point in the mountains and there deliver the money and get the boy. That was all, and, taking the chances of treachery, he started out, having with him a dozen of his best men. These he left as near to the place of meeting as he dared and went forward alone some miles. In a remote spot he was met by Manuel, whom he knew, accompanied by five men. Garcia was heavily armed and wore under his clothes a coat of chain mail, for his was a desperate purpose. Manuel at once demanded that Garcia lay down his arms as a sign of good faith and hand over the money and they would take him to the boy. If he did not they would kill him and the boy also.

"In an instant Garcia replied with a shot that went through Manuel's brain, and then before the others could recover their senses he had killed two of them, next in command. Then, as others came in response to the firing, he started on a wild run down the gorge of the mountain with the bullets raining round him like hail and some of them hitting him. By the miracle that follows men in just such predicaments, he got away with his life, thanks to his chain mail, but he was badly wounded, and when he reached his own men he fell in a dead faint, and didn't know anything for two weeks.

"When he recovered his senses it was to find that his wife had died in a hysterical fit and that the boy had been killed by the brigands, or that portion of them left after Garcia's force had finished with them and driven them back into the mountains. That ended the brigand business in that vicinity for good and all, but Garcia himself went about for a long time so sad and broken-hearted that all that his grateful fellow citizens and the country at large could do for him seemed to have but little effect. After ten years the shadow had been dispelled somewhat, and he married again, and though he had a fine wife and good children he could not forget the others, and for forty-five years no man had ever seen him smile, although he was always gentle and kind and good."

Dreary and Doleful.

The gloom-pampered pessimist who has as many wrongs to redress and sorrows to bewail as there are "quills upon the fretful porcupine," is one of the most depressing of bores, says Dean Hole. He revels in disasters and gloats upon malformations. He goes in quest of disagreeable and discreditable incidents, as a pointer hunts a partridge, and when he finds he stands and points. If you have a crack in your ceiling, or a worn place in your carpet, or a pimple on your countenance, thereupon he fixes his melancholy gaze. You thought that tiny scar on your horse's knee was invisible to every eye but your own: he has hardly been in the stable two minutes before you hear him exclaim, "Been down, I see?" with evident satisfaction to himself. He is so absorbed in contemplating a broken pane in your library window that you cannot induce him to look at your books. If you admire a beautiful face he only grunts, "Awful figure!" If you praise one of your fellow-men, all you hear is, "Pity he drinks." The weather never suits him. His cook is an idiot and his butler is a thief. All statesmen are place-hunters, all parsons are hypocrites, all lawyers are knaves, all doctors are quacks. Brave men are mad, generous men are spendthrifts. Chastity is an icicle, and honesty dare not cheat. The world is occupied by tyrants, rogues and fools. He is disappointed to find you in good health, and he regards any demonstration of cheerfulness with an expression which is ghastly, though it is meant for a smile. Like an owl, he blinks in the sunshine, and can only hoot in the dark. "Like the hoarse raven in the blasted bough," he is ever presaging grief and is seldom happy unless others are ailing or in trouble. As for himself, he will never allow that he is well, and if the slightest ailment affects him it is a case of mortal illness.

Something New in Windmills.

The old-time windmill, that towering skeleton of ribs and fans with which we are familiar, has recently been improved in a fashion that promises much better results—an increased rate of power, and much greater ease of management. Instead of the fans or arms turning over and over, wheel fashion, the conditions are reversed, the axle being perpendicular, and the fans turning from side to side. This arrangement has advantages, in that the machinery can be made stronger, and by an ingeniously contrived set of levers the fans open and close automatically. This is of great importance, as a sudden gale is liable to wreck an ordinary windmill on short notice. With this new device, it is claimed that no mater how rapidly the fans may revolve, they will catch the wind only at the proper time, the other side opening to give free passage to the air; the higher the gale the higher the rate of speed and the more effective the machinry. It is said that in windy countries enough power can be generated to run a small dynamo. The greatest value of a windmill is in countries where continual pumping of water is necessary for purposes of irrigation. A windmill constructed on this new principle costs no more than the old style, is infinitely more effective, less liable to get out of order, and has a greater variety of uses than any heretofore made.

Fine Feathers.

Because a man is always carefully and finely dressed, he is not necessarily vain and shallow. On the contrary, this fact rather argues that he has a low idea of his native bodily charms. Even the extreme types of dandyism—men who, instead of engaging in professional or business pursuits, are known only as embellishers of sidewalks, illustrators of the fashions, or professional time-killers—are generally capable of higher things. Many of them are masters of the manly art of self-defence, and pride themselves on keeping their bodies in good condition. De Quincey observes that many instances during the Napoleonic wars showed that in the frivolous dandy might often lurk the most fiery and accomplished aides-de-camp. Did not Wellington pronounce his dandy officers to be the best? In our Revolutionary war the members of the Maryland Brigade, commanded by Smallwood, "were distinguished by the most fashionably cut coats and the most macaroni cocked-hats in the Union." Yet they displayed unflinching valor when, at the battle of Long Island, they were hemmed in by a superior force. The "foremost man of all the world," Julius Caesar, was a fop. Aristotle loved to array himself in fine clothes; so did Francis Bacon. Claverhouse, the Scottish chieftain, was a fop, and under the finish of dress and levity of behavior, "hid," as Emerson says, "the terrors of his war."

When to Try on Shoes.

You would hardly believe that there are special times and seasons for the trying on of new shoes, but so it is. You need a larger pair of shoes in summer than in winter, and it is always best to try them on in the latter part of the day. The feet are then at the maximum size. Activity naturally enlarges them or makes them swell; much standing tends also to enlarge the feet. New shoes should be tried on over moderately thick stockings; then you can put on a thinner pair to ease your feet if the shoes seem to be tight. It is remarkable what a difference the stockings make. If they are too large or too small they will be nearly as uncomfortable as a pair of shoes that are too tight. New shoes can be worn with as much ease as old ones, if they are stuffed into the shape of the foot with cloth or paper, and patiently sponged with hot water. Or if they pinch in some particular spot, a cloth wet with hot water and laid across the place will cause immediate and lasting relief. Milk applied once a week with a soft cloth freshens and preserves boots and shoes.

An Old Problem.

One of the problems that is as old as the science of mathematics is that of "squaring the circle." By squaring the circle is meant the problem of finding the sides of a square exactly equal in area to a circle of given diameter. To do this, either by elementary geometry or by expressing it arithmetically in commensurable numbers, has been found to be an impossibility. In other words, the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle cannot be exactly found, even though in the division the decimal be carried out to 10,000 figures. The above being the exact facts in the case, we will say that the problem of "squaring the circle" is one that has long been given up by the mathematicians as insoluble.

The Paris Exposition Lottery.

Subscriptions will shortly be invited by a number of Paris banks for 3,250,000 exhibition lottery bonds of 20 francs each, designed to form the guarantee of the exhibition to be held the year 1900. Among the prizes will be five of 500,000 francs each and twenty-four of 100,000 francs each.

Mastodonic Tooth.

Well borers at Los Angeles, Cal., have discovered a mastodon tooth at a depth of forty-six feet beneath the surface.

WAGES WAR ON WALRUS.

Mania of a Man Whose Son Was Killed by a Sea Lion.

"Did you ever hear of a strong, able-bodied man going crazy from grief?" asked Captain Debney of the steamship City of Pueblo on the water front. "I don't mean one of your highly sensitive creatures," he continued, "but a man 6 feet 4 inches in his stockings and as strong as an ox. Of such a man I heard during my last trip to the sound. He is a Russian Finn and is sensible to every subject save one. He has a vendetta against the walrus and his cabin in the wilds of Alaska is built up with their skulls.

"According to the story told me by a passenger who came down with me from the sound, this man settled in Alaska years ago. He married a native woman and she bore him a son. A few years later the mother died, and all the affection of the half-savage father centered on the son. Nothing was too good for the lad, and everything in the way of hunting and fishing lore was taught him. When the boy was old enough his father took him out on all his hunting expeditions, and soon the youngster began working on his own account.

"One fatal day he attacked an old bull walrus, but instead of killing it he himself was the victim. When the father saw the dead body of his son he was wild with grief, which finally settled into a species of madness. Now all he lives for is to kill walrus. When the mania first seized him he lived in a dugout. Now his hut is on the ground and composed almost entirely of walrus skulls. He crawls up behind the brutes while they are asleep, and, seizing them by the tusks, stands them on one end by main force. He looks into their eyes as though seeking to recognize the one that killed his son, and then his knife does the rest. The head is then cut off and goes to make one more to the monument he is raising to the memory of his son."—San Francisco Call.

Inspired with Cloth.

Lord Chesterfield was the prince of fops, and there are persons who speak contemptuously of him, thinking of him only in connection with "the graces," or his toilet, and preparing impromptus and very elaborate courtesies for the social circle. They are ignorant or forget that this elegant and courtly man was one of the best lords-lieutenant that Ireland ever had, the best speaker of his day in the House of Lords, a graceful essayist, and the wittiest man of quality of his time. Lord Beaconsfield out-Brummeled Brummel in his dandyism. Bulwer, who inherited a fortune, yet labored in his art more intensely than a bookseller's drudge, was a fop, fastidiously finical in his dress. Thomas Moore was as particular in the cut of his clothes as in the turn of his verse. William Pinkney, the great Baltimore lawyer, was a dandy; and so was N. P. Willis, who, with all his affectations, was a sparkling and attractive writer. Dandyism may spring, in some cases, from pure love of display; but it has other and higher causes—the desire to please being one of them. If a man is by nature "inspired with cloth," if "a divine idea of cloth is born with him," why should he not seek to give to that idea the happiest, the most perfect, expression, as earnestly as he would give it to any other inborn idea? Fine feathers do not make fine birds, it is true; but fine birds generally have fine feathers.

Building Materials Under Fire.

Experiments have lately been made in Vienna to determine the efficiency of various building materials in resisting fire, and in especial the protection afforded by these to iron work. For this purpose an iron column was constructed, consisting of two channel bars 5½x2¾ inches, braced together by lattice work, and having placed in the space between them various alloys melting at temperatures between 150 and 1,650 degrees F., this being surrounded by brick work in mortar, forming a pier some eighteen inches square. This column was loaded with sufficient weight to cause a stress of three and a quarter tons per square inch on the iron work, and placed on a brick chamber twelve by eight feet in plan and elevated one-half foot high. Fuel was distributed over the floor of this chamber to a depth of three feet, fired for two and a half hours, and then extinguished. The next day when the heat had sufficiently subsided to allow an examination, it was found that although the edges of the brick work were crumbled to the extent of one and a half inches, the iron column was uninjured, and only the test bar, fusing at 150 degrees F., showed any signs of melting.

Dividing Time.

It is not strange that a proposition to change the system of dividing time should come from France—the home of the metric system. The author of the scheme, Monsieur De Sarranton, abandons in advance the attempt to dispense with the hour, but he proposes to divide the hour into one hundred minutes, and the minute into one hundred seconds. He also urges the division of the circle into two hundred and forty degrees, each degree to be subdivided into minutes and seconds, like his new hour.

Interesting to Builders.

In several of the larger cities companies are to be started to supply mortar to builders. The buildings in which it is to be made are seven stories in height. The manufacture of mortar will begin on the top floor. By the time the stuff reaches the ground floor the mortar will be ready for use, and can be loaded on cars and wagons through a shute. It will be sold by the ton, and no sand will be put in until it is ready to be carted away.